Numb. 7.

THE REHEARSAL.

Of the Thanks-Giving Day. *Cathedral Service. The* Observator's *Treatment of Two Great Persons. And his* Arraigning *of the* Government.

From Saturday September the 9th, to Saturday September the 16th, 1704.

Obs. WHere wast thou, *Country-man*, on *Thursday* sennight the 7th of this Instant?

Country-m. What? The *Thanks-Giving-Day*?

Obs. Ay, Ay, The *Sew-Day*! Did'st thou see it? 'Twas a *Sad* day for Us, to see the *Queen* and the *Court* Ride so *Triumphantly* to *Poul's* (our old *Stable*) for a *Church-Victory*. We had no such *Superstitious* Doings in the Last *Reign*. Our Glorious K. *William* never set his Foot within that *Cathedral* as they call it. He had a *Chapel* of his own. Why such *Respect* to *Cathedrals*! 'Tis a *Popish* Invention. Old *Picked Beard* us'd to *Ride* after this manner, to this same *Poul's*, to Give *Thanks* on *Solemn* Occasions, as for the *Birth* of his Son *Pins*, &c. And why to *Poul's*? Because, forsooth, *There* is the *Bishop* his *Cathedral* or *Throne*: And they come thither to Pay their *Homage* to *Him*, as the *Head* and *Centre* of *Unity* in his own *Dioceſs*. And therefore his *Throne* is set *Higheſt* above them All. Even above my *Lord Mayor*. Is not all this Rank *Popery*?

Country-m. Rank! Rank! *Master*. Therefore in our *Reformation* we turn'd 'em All out of that same *Poul's*, their *Bishops* and *King*, and all together. And Gave it to our *Horses*. It made a brave large *Stable* for our *Red-Coat-Saints*. And we hope to see it so Again. We *Defil'd* their *High-Places* for 'em, their *House* of *Baal*, and made it a *Draught-House*, O that we cou'd say, *Even unto this Day*! But it is a Coming again. And not Far off, *Master*. For is it not an *High-Church*? And we have Sworn to Pull down the *High-Church*. And have got the *Low-Church* on our side; who will let Us *Tred* upon *Them*, like *Scaffolding*, to *Climb* up to the *Top* of the *High-Church*, and *Ride* upon the *Ridge* of it. Then, *Hey Boys, up go We*——

Obs. But did'st thou go into *Poul's* on the *Thanks-Giving-Day*, and Hear the *Sermon*?

Country-m. I wou'd have been Content to have Heard the *Sermon*. O, I love *Sermons* from Morning to Night. But I hate them *Prayers*. And their vile *Singing*.

Obs. Vile *Singing*, do'st say? Why they *Sing* with great *Art*, and have the Best *Masters*.

Country-m. Ay, that's it. We allow of *Singing*, but are only against *Singing WELL*. For that is not *Spiritual*, Can the *Spirit* be Taught by *Art*? *Art* is *Human* Invention.

Obs. And are not the *Tunes* of our *Singing Psalms* of *Human* Invention? And to be Learn'd by *Art*?

Country-m. But they are not so *Musical* as the *CATHEDRAL Singing*. And so have less of *Art*. And you know, the less of *Art* in *Spiritual Matters*, the Better. I cannot *Understand* these *CATHEDRAL Tunes*. And we are Commanded to *Sing* with *Understanding*, as well as *Pray* with it.

Obs. But they *Understand* their own *Singing*. And some of *Us* don't *Understand* Ours. How oft have you Heard Us out of *Tune*, and *Creaking* like *Cart-Wheels*?

Country-m. But *Singing* with *Understanding*, is not so much *Understanding* the *Tune* (tho without that there will be wretched *Singing*) as that we *Understand* the *Sense* of what we *Sing*. And consequently that our *Psalms* be in a *Language* we *Understand*.

Obs. So far, so Good. Thou'rt in the Right, *Country-man*. This is Directly against the *PAPISHES Praying* in an *Unknown Tongue*. For that cannot be with *Understanding*. But remember, *Country-man*, That thou must *Pray* with the *Spirit*, as well as with *Understanding*.

Country-m. Pray, *Master*, what is that *Praying* with the *Spirit*?

Obs. That is, *Extempore*, for *Forms* of *Prayer* do *stint* the *Spirit*?

Country-m. That is, the *Spirit* of *Invention*. But is there not a *Spirit* of *Devotion* that may go along with *Set-Forms*, as in Repeating the *Lord's Prayer*, &c? And *Invention* do's Disturb *Devotion*. Therefore better lay aside *Invention* in the time of *Prayer*.

Obs. Country-man, Thou *Warp'st* at every Turn. I'm afraid of thee.

Country-m. Are we not to *Sing* with the *Spirit*, as well as *Pray* with the *Spirit*? Are they not Both in the same *Text*? 1 *Cor.* xiv. 15. Then if by *Spirit* be meant *Extempore*, We must *Sing EXTEMPORE Psalms*, and to *EXTEMPORE Tunes*. Therefore I'm afraid, That it is the *Spirit* of *Devotion* which is here meant, and not the *Spirit* of *Extempore Effusions*, or Ready *Invention*, and *Turning* of *Words*; which is Gain'd by *Art* and *Custom*, as we see even in *School-Boys*. And that *Forms* of *Prayer* are no more an *Hindrance* to *Devotion*, than a *Form* of *Psalms*, and Set *Tunes*. But rather a Great *Furtherance* and *Help* to *Devotion*, in Easing the *Speaker* from the *Labour* of *Invention*, and the *Hearers* of *Expectance* and *Curiosity* of what comes next; Which is a *Set-Form* to *Them*, without the *Security* of Proper *Matter* and *Words*. So that all the *Choice* left to *Hearers* of any sort, is only this, Whether they wou'd have a *Form* of *sound Words*, which they know beforehand to be such, as *The Lord's Prayer*, &c. Or a *Form* as to *Them*, whatever it be in the *Speaker*, wherein there is great *Hazard*, and frequent *Experience*, of both *Words* and *Matter* very *Undigested*, *Unseemly*, and even *Unsound*? That is, Whether they wou'd have a *Good FORM*, or a *Bad* one? Since *FORM* it must be. As, Whether they shou'd *Sing WELL* or *ILL*; Since *Singing* they will have.

Obs. Here's my *Country man* Turn'd an Errant *High-Church-Man* upon my Hands! And now he wou'd *Teach* me! Come, since thou'rt Grown *Book-Learn'd*, what think'st thou of that *Teddum* they *Sing* at *Thanks-Givings*? Is'nt that *Popery*? That ever I shou'd see *My Queen* go to *Poul's*, to Sing *Teddums*!

Country-m. Master, Thou'rt a *Dunce*. It is *Te Deum*. A very Good *Hymn* in *English*, tho' it be *Popery* in *Latin*.

Obs. Nay, if we'r come to *Latin* too— I'll tell thee, We call'd it *Teddum* at the *Private Academy*, where I was *Half-Bred* at *Stepney*.

Besides, this going to *Poul's* is call'd a *Procession*. Which is a plain *Popish* word; and Carefully Avoided

voided by all Us *Saints*. It is the very *Mark* of the *Beast*, O *Popery*! *Popery*! We may see whither we are a Going. Didst thou never Hear of the *Popish-Processions*?

Country-m. I care not what they are. But I'll tell thee where I *Din'd* that Day. I lik'd that the Best part of the *Thanks-Giving*. I got in at *Dr—rs* Hall. And there I met with a Great *Disappointment*. For I expected, after Dinner, the *Healths* Usual on these Great *Solemnities*. As first I thought wou'd be the *Queens*, then the *Prince*, and then my Lord *Duke* of *Marlborough*, Again and Again, then Sir *George Rook*, with their further Good *Success*, by *Land* and *Sea*, &c. till I shou'd have got my *Skin full* of good *Claret*, better than the *October* at which Thou and I us'd to *Swill*. But *Master*, *Dee'l* a Bit cou'd I get one *Drop*. There was not one of their *Healths*, nor any Notice taken at all of the *Victory*. Was not that Strange? *Master*.

Obs. No. Not at all. Thou know'st we have many *Friends* in that *Company*. And it was so with several Others. Do'st think wee'r *Mad*? To be Sounding out the *Praises* of a *Church-Man*, except a little for *Popularity*, when we cannot Help it. Many of the *Chief* of our *Whiggs* had no *Illuminations* that *Night*.

Country-m. Ay, *Master*, and he's a *High-Church-Man* too. Is'nt his Name *Church-hill*? And is'nt a *Church* upon a *Hill* a *High-Church*?

Obs. I have been upon the Bones of *Some-body*, and his *Wife* too, as well as Sir *George Rook*, and all the Rest of the *Church Ministry*, ever since this *Reign*.

Country-m. That thou hast, *Master*, and Bravely, even since their late *Victories* both by *Land* and *Sea*. We have made a *Dog* of *Rook*, and Nam'd him Plainly, in our *Observators*, *Views*, *Re Views*, *Mercuries*, and all the rest of our *Scandalous Clubb*; We have done it more since his taking of *Gibraltar* than Before, lest he should get any *Reputation* by it, and so get *Above* our *Malice*, as *Another* seems to have done. But he's Mistaken if he thinks so. For tho' we Cannot *Name* him Downright, at *Present*; Yet we can *Point*— and our *Friends* know what we Mean. Thou told'st Us a Pretty *Story*, in thy *Observator* of last *Septemb.* 2. The Day of the *Fire* of *London*. I'll *Rehearse* some of it, Thus said'st thou to me. *Some are so Hastily and Highly Promoted, that I dare assure thee rather of their Fall, than of their Lives and firm Standing. We have already seen Many, at whose Promotion we wonder'd, and as much Marvelled at their suddain Fall. We have seen CINCIUS FULVIUS in one year made Consul, his Children Tribunes, his Wife Matron to the Virgins, and also keepress of the CAPITOL; and after that, not in one year, but the same Day, we have seen CINCIUS Beheaded in the Place, his Children Drowned in the TYBER, his Wife Banish'd, his House rased to the Ground, and all his Goods Confiscate to the Common Treasury.* And all this, *Master*, thou said'st since the Great *News* of the *Victory*.

But before, it was *Sine Clade Victor*, and *Riding in Triumph* only over his *Queen*. *Cincius* was then no *Soldier* at all. And thou said'st last *January*, Vol. 2. N. 82. *Since those times we have seen Honour and Wealth conferred on Soldiers and no Soldiers; And such as have done the least Service to the Common-Wealth, have Reaped the Greatest Advantage from the Publick. And as I said before, No Men are more Dangerous to a State, than Favourite Men of War— who make a MONOPOLY of ROYAL FAVOUR— A Prince takes but one single Person into his Bosom; but by doing that, he takes a Large Family into his Court— The great Boy of a Prince that goes in Leading strings under the Guidance of a Crafty Knave, deserves no better Title than a TOOL in GOVERNMENT. He's a Meer Trifle, a Gew gaw, a Pageant of Soverainty—He's a Prince in a Nursery, and must Demean himself according to the Prescription of his Keeper.* And to Conclude the *Character* of the *Favourite* you mean, you turn him to a *Woman*, and *Call him* VENEFICA *a* WITCH. And then pass *Sentence* of *Deposition* upon the *Prince* for Employing of such. And call him *That HONEST Trussel* of *Canterbury* who, *VIRTUTE OFFICII, Pronounced Sentence of Deposition against him*. K. *John*, for his *Favourites*. And speak particularly of those whom the *Prince* Raises *from a Mean Fortune*. This is Thy *Grievance*. And thou know'st some or other in *England*, who, by *Virtue* of their *Office*, may *Depose* the *King*, for having such a *Favourite*. And call'st him an *Honest* Fellow, who for this shou'd *Depose* his *King*.

Rare DOCTRINE! *Master*. Let *Favourites* Look to *Themselves*. Except they Please *Thee* and *Me*, Master! Ay, and their *Master* too. We'll serve 'em all Alike! O, 'tis a *Brave* thing, to be *Pulling* down, and *Setting* up *Kings*! To make Them and their Favourites *Tremble* under *Us*!

But I've heard say, *Master*, That it was never Known in the World, That no *History* can give an Instance, Where such a *Saucy Varlet* as my *Master* was Suffer'd to *Arraign* the *Government*, to *Lampoon*, *Bespatter* and *Abuse* the whole *Ministry*; with *Threats* of *Deposition* even to the *Crown*. And that *Publickly* and in *Print*, to go out *twice* a *Week* as *News*; wherein the *Parliament*, *Council*, *Bishops*, *Judges*, and all Inferiour *Officers*, with *Generals*, *Admirals*, &c. are put into your *List* of *Knaves*. And that while you are under the *Prosecution* of the *Law*, for *Writing* these same *Observators*. But you still *Write on*, *Encrease* in your *Insolence*, and Say, That none *Dare* Touch you! Will this be *Believ'd* in other *Countries*, or in After *Ages*! What a *Nation* will it give them of our *Constitution*! Which cannot Afford *Protection* to the *Government* from the meanest *Scoundrel*! While he sets up his *Liberty* and *Property*, to *Attack* the *Government*. and All that are in *Power*, openly, and above Board! And can Carry it off, with *Flying Colours*!

The following *Advertisment* was sent to me by *Penny-Post*. From whom I know not. Put it in, *Master*, and we'll Talk more of this another Time. *Advertisement.*

THere will be shortly Publish'd a Book, which may be Intitled— *Traps for Vermin in the State*: Being a Discourse on Slander and Sedition, suggesting fair and proper Remedies against the present prevailing Distemper of the Government, by the pernicious Licence of Calumnies, Libels, and the like malicious Forgeries, contriv'd and propagated by guilty and ambitious Knaves, to deceive and impose on the credulity of innocent and easy Fools, publish'd and spread by such Implements of Iniquity, as *Observators*, and other the like Scurrilous and *Grub-Street* Writers, who by venomous Pamphlets infect the unwary People, audaciously attacking the Government in every part of the Administration, defaming Ministers and Officers in highest Trust in the State, Army, Navy, &c. on which Argument it will be shewn out of History, and from our own and others the best Authorities, the Mischiefs incident to the Publick, by not timely animadverting on such Offences. Reference also will be had to such Laws as the *Romans* and other Wise and Polite Nations provided against such Offenders, according to the Nature and Quality of the Crime and the Criminal, punishing by Death, Banishment, Fine, Imprisonment, Mutilation, Stigmatizing, &c. To which will be added a Moral Admonition to those whom it may concern (leaving it to their Consciences respectively to reflect at whose door the guilt will chiefly lie, if by their Cowardice or Connivance, &c. the Laws being struck dumb, and the executive Power thereby made impotent, whereby such Wretches act their Villanies with Impunity) if persons of Honour and Spirit shall by such fatal neglect become driven (as the last Remedy) to carve out their own Justice, and redress themselves on such barking Mungrels who are Suborn'd and kept in Pay to worry their Reputation in so vile a manner. The Conclusion of which Discourse shall contain the Character of a State Hypocrite, wherein such Men must be content to sit for their Pictures, who shall be found at any time in any Government under the Mask of Patriots, to cover most guilty Projects against the Peace and Stability of the Government, explaining their Methods, Aims, and Ends. With an Ephemeris or Prognostick of the several kinds of Weather in the State, which such Practices may produce respectively. To be Sold by the Booksellers of *London* and *Westminster*. Price 3 Shillings.

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